

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNAL

WITH

LITURGY.

ISSUED BY THE

COMMITTEE ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS

OF THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

MONTREAL:

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1882.

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MONTREAL, 4th Dec. 1882.

This book, designed for the use of SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
compiled by a Committee, appointed by the SYNOD OF
THIS DIOCESE, has my approval.

W. B. MONTREAL.

*Bishop Bond
Bishop 1878 - 1906*

BOOK ROOM

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LITURGY.

THE ORDER FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

The Minister or, in his absence, the Superintendent shall begin by reading one or more of the following sentences of Scripture, the children rising:

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. Prov. xx. 11.

Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory. Ps. xc. 16.

That our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple. Ps. cxliv. 12.

He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom. Is. xl. 11.

Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. Mark x. 14-16.

Then shall be said the Apostle's Creed, the children repeating it after the Superintendent.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified,

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dead and buried; He descended into hell, the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body; And the life everlasting. Amen.

Then the Superintendent shall say:

O Lord, open Thou our lips.

CHILDREN.—And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Praise ye the Lord!

The Lord's Name be praised.

Then shall follow the Hymn.

Then shall be read the Scripture selection, alternately by the Superintendent and children.

Then the Superintendent shall say:

The Lord be with you.

CHILDREN.—And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

General confession to be said by all.

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy

LITURGY.

laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou them who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy Name. *Amen.*

(Any of the following Prayers may be omitted at the discretion of the Superintendent).

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy Word we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen*

Almighty and most merciful God, accept our gratitude for all the blessings of this sacred Day, and especially for the privileges here afforded us. Assembled as we are for the purpose of instructing and being instructed in thy most holy truth, we humbly invoke thy blessing that herein thy name may be magnified, thy Son made known, and thy Church edified and increased. Look down in favor, we beseech thee, on the Superintendent and all other officers of this school. Illuminate them by thy Holy Spirit, and enable them with singleness of heart to consult only those things which are excellent and which minister to the well-being of the School.

LITURGY.

To those appointed to teach give thine especial grace, that they may themselves be deeply taught in thy truth and thus able to minister to others in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Fill their hearts with thy love, and strengthen them this day loyally and affectionately to uplift the Redeemer as the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Make them wise to win souls, patient amid all discouragements, and willing to spend and be spent for the salvation of those entrusted to their care through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Look graciously also on all these scholars here present, and as, when Thou wert on earth, Thou didst take the little ones up into Thine arms and bless them, so now we beseech Thee take all these dear children into Thine arms and bless them to-day, for we know that they whom Thou blessest are blessed indeed.

Remove all listlessness and inattention from them, make them glad to hear, and willing to receive the words of instruction spoken, and above all, filling them with Thyself, make them to grow up as witnesses of Thy truth and examples of the grace of God.

Bless him whom Thou hast set over us in this Thy house. Make him a true and faithful shepherd, able rightly to divide the word of God.

May the knowledge of Thy Gospel be spread through all nations. Have pity on the multitudes who are destitute of the privileges we enjoy. Be merciful to the heathen, who know Thee not, and the people who call not on Thy name, that they may hear Thy truth, and turn to Thee and live. Graciously hear our prayers, accept our praises, and bless us in

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all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

The Lord's prayer shall then be repeated after the Superintendent.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

THE ORDER FOR CLOSING SCHOOL.

After the singing of a Hymn the Superintendent shall say :

The Lord be with you.

CHILDREN.—*And with thy spirit.*

SUPERINTENDENT.—Let us pray.

At the close of our school, we look to Thee, O our heavenly Father, for Thy blessing to rest upon the instruction which has now been given. Without Thy blessing, nothing can prosper. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but Thou alone canst give the increase. We desire to commit to Thy gracious care and keeping each one of our dear scholars. They need a guide ; they need a keeper. O take them, we beseech Thee, under Thy Fatherly care and protection. Hold them in the hollow of Thy hand. Keep them as the apple of Thine eye. Preserve them from all the snares and temptations and sins that are in the world. Help them to make Thy blessed Word the guide of their youth. Help them to carry out into

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daily practice the lessons they are here taught. When they go up to the sanctuary, may they remember that "Thou God, seest them." When they go to their homes, may they shew by obedience to their parents, and by kindness and tenderness to all around them, that they are really made better by the study of Thy Word. May they tread in the blessed steps of Thy most holy life, O Lord, our Saviour! Like Thee may they increase in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man. And these mercies we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

OR,

O merciful God! we make our humble supplications before thee in behalf of these children, that as by nature they are all dead in sin, so through Christ they may all be made alive. Grant that they, receiving with all readiness of mind the lessons of Thy word, may be brought to the knowledge of Thy grace and faith in Jesus Christ. Grant that all sinful affections may die in them, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in them. Grant that they may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. Let Thy fatherly hand ever be over them, to supply their wants for this life, and let Thy Holy Spirit ever be with them to guide their feet in the way of Thy commandments, and make them living members incorporate in Thy holy Church, and heirs through hope of Thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

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SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

To be read alternately by Superintendent and School.

No. 1.

OLD TESTAMENT PORTION.

PSALM V.

1. Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.
2. *Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; for unto thee will I pray.*
3. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct *my prayer* unto thee, and will look up.
4. *For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.*
5. The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6. *Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing; the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.*
7. But as for me, I will come *into thy house* in the multitude of thy mercy; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.
8. *Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.*
9. For *there is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness; their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.*
10. *Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.*
11. But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them; let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12. *For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

NEW TESTAMENT PORTION.

ST. MATTHEW V, 1-12.

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain : and when he was set, his disciples came unto him :

2. *And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying,*

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit : for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4. *Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.*

5. Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

6. *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.*

7. Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

8. *Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.*

9. Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

10. *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake : for their's is the kingdom of heaven.*

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12. *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

No. 2.

OLD TESTAMENT PORTION.

PSALM VIII.

1. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2. *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.*

3. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou has ordained ;

4. *What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?*

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

5. For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

6. *Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet :*

7. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ;

8. *The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.*

9. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

NEW TESTAMENT PORTION.

ST. MATTHEW VI, 25-34.

25. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ?

26. *Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ?*

27. Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature ?

28. *And why take ye thought for raiment ? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin :*

29. And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30. *Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ?*

31. Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat ? or, What shall we drink ? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed ?

32. *(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek ;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*

33. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34. *Take therefore no thought for the morrow ; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

No. 3.

OLD TESTAMENT PORTION.

PSALM XIX.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2. *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

3. *There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.*

4. *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.*

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8. *The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever : the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10. *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults*

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.*

Glorify be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

15. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.*

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

NEW TESTAMENT PORTION.

ST. LUKE VIII, 4-15.

4. And when much people were gathered together, and were come to him out of every city, he spake by a parable :

5. *A sower went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the way side; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it.*

6. And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture.

7. *And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it.*

8. And other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit an hundredfold. And when he had said these things, he cried, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

9. *And his disciples asked him, saying, What might this parable be?*

10. And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand.

11. *Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God.*

12. Those by the way side are they that hear; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved.

13. *They on the rock are they, which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away.*

14. And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection.

15. *But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

No. 4.

OLD TESTAMENT PORTION.

PSALM XXIII.

1. The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
2. *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.*
3. *He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his name's sake.*
4. *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*
5. *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.*
6. *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

NEW TESTAMENT PORTION.

ST. JOHN X, 7-18.

7. Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.
8. *All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers : but the sheep did not hear them.*
9. I am the door : by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.
10. *The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy : I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*
11. I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.
12. *But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth : and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.*
13. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.
14. *I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.*

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

15. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father : and I lay down my life for the sheep.

16. *And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice ; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.*

17. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.

18. *No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

No. 5.

OLD TESTAMENT PORTION.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts !

2. *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

4. *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be still praising thee. Selah.*

5. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee ; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6. *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well ; the rain also filleth the pools.*

7. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8. *O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer : give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.*

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

9. Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10. *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11. For the Lord God is a sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory : no good thing will he withhold from them that work uprightly.

12. *O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

NEW TESTAMENT PORTION.

ST. MATTHEW XXV, 1-13.

1. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

2. *And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.*

3. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them :

4. *But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.*

5. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

6. *And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him.*

7. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

8. *And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil ; for our lamps are gone out.*

9. But the wise answered, saying, *Not so ; lest there be not enough for us and you : but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.*

10. *And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came ; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage : and the door was shut.*

11. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

12. *But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.*

13. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

H Y M N S.

ADVENT.

1

8.7.

COME Thou long-expected Jesus
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver :
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

2

C.M.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

ADVENT.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

3

HOSANNA ! they were crying
When Jesus lived below,
Those little Jewish children,
Who loved the Saviour so.

7. 6.

Hosanna, now through Advent,
With loving hearts we sing,
For Jesus Christ is coming
To be His children's King.

Hosanna ! blessed Jesus ;
Come in our hearts to dwell,
And let our lives and voices
Thy praise and glory tell.

For we who sing Hosanna,
Must like our Saviour be,
In gentleness and meekness,
In love and purity.

Hosanna, let this welcome
Ring out from every heart ;
Draw nigh to us, O Jesus,
And never more depart.

ADVENT.

So when we see Thee coming
With Angels in the sky ;
Hosanna ! loud Hosanna !
Shall be Thy children's cry. Amen.

4

D.8.7.

LITTLE children, Advent bids you
Meet your Lord upon His way ;
Watch ! for now the night is waning,
Soon will dawn the endless day.
Little children, Jesus bids you
Daily pray "Thy kingdom come ;"
Watch ! and wait for His appearing
Till He come to take you home.

Little children, He anoints you
With His Spirit from above ;
See then that your lamps be burning
With the fire of faith and love.
Little children, when we think not
We shall hear the solemn cry,
"Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom ;
Haste, for Jesus draweth nigh !"

Little children, they shall meet him,
Faithful children of the light ;
They whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
And their garments pure and white.
Oh, how blest to fall before Him !
Oh, how blest His praise to sing !
Love Him, serve Him, and adore Him,
In the city of our King ! Amen.

ADVENT.

5

P.M.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

Chorus.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, bright gems for His crown.

He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Chorus.

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Chorus.

CHRISTMAS.

6

7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic Host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

CHRISTMAS.

Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see :
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Man he deigns with man to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

Hark ! the herald angels sing, &c.
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Son of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings ;
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild ! He lays His glory by ;
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald angels sing, &c.

7

BLESSED night, when Bethlehem's plain
Echoed with the joyful strain,
" Peace has come to earth again."

Alleluia !

Happy shepherds, on whose ear,
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
" God to man is drawing near."

Alleluia !

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise—

Alleluia !

P.M.

CHRISTMAS.

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing ;
Our best offering to Thee bring,
Alleluia !

Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease !
Alleluia ! Amen.

8

P.M.

CAROL, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day ;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away ;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.

Chorus—Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day ;
Bear the joyful tidings,
O bear them far away.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song ;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, and peace, and love,
Glory in the highest
To God who reigns above.

Chorus—Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time.
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime :
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love.

Chorus—Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

9

P.M

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
Sion the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth !
The brightest Archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King ?
Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round :
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise ;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
The chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

CHRISTMAS.

10

P.M.

CAROL, brothers, carol, carol joyfully ;
Carol the good tidings, carol merrily.

Chorus—Carol, brothers, carol, carol joyfully ;
Carol the good tidings, carol merrily,
And pray a glad some Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, brothers, carol, Christmas day again.

Carol, but with gladness,
Not in songs of earth ;
On the Saviour's birthday,
Hallow'd be our mirth.
While a thousand blessings
Fill our hearts with glee,
Christmas day we'll keep,
The feast of charity.

Chorus—Carol, &c.

At the furnished table,
Think of those who've none—
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone,
Bountiful your offerings
To His table bring,
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.

Chorus—Carol, &c

CHRISTMAS.

Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease ;
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace ?
While the heavens are telling
To mankind good will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.

Chorus—Carol, &c.

Let our hearts responding
To the seraph band
Wish this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land.
Word, and deed, and prayer,
Speed the grateful sound,
Telling "joyous Christmas"
All the world around.

*Chorus—Carol, brothers, carol, carol joyfully ;
Carol the good tidings, carol merrily,
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, brothers, carol, Christmas day again.*

11

P.M.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant ;
O come ye, O come ye, to Beth'lehem !
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

CHRISTMAS.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not the virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesus to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. Amen.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

12

S.M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown ;

Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

Jesus ! to Thee I cling :
Strengthen my arm of faith ;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death. Amen.

13

C.M.

THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears ;

Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the Faith
Which saints of old believed.

To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness ;

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

O Father, let thy watchful Eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
As angels do above.

14

76.

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above:
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

15

6.5.

Now a new year opens,
Now we newly turn
To the holy Saviour,
Lessons fresh to learn.

This the holy lesson
On the year's first day,
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

Of Thy Cross thus early
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest,
By Thy death we live.

Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

In Thy Blessed footsteps
Ever may we tread,
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

16

11.10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

EPIPHANY.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall !
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid ! Amen.

17

7. 6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;

EPIPHANY.

To Him shall prayer unceasing—
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest :
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love. Amen.

18

7a.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the Mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

EPIPHANY.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

19

7s. 6s.

"Light of the world!" we hail Thee,
Flushing the eastern skies,
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes ;
Too long, alas! withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore,
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

"Light of the world!" Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part ;
Thou robest in Thy splendour
The simple ways of men,
And helpst them to render
Light back to Thee again.

EPIPHANY.

“Light of the world!” before Thee
Our spirits prostrate fall,
We worship, we adore Thee,
Thou Light, the Light of all;
With Thee is no forgetting;
Of all Thine hand hath made,
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

MISSIONS.

20

7s. 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

MISSIONS.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation.
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Reedeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

21

L.M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head :
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

MISSIONS.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

22

78.

HARK, the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword : He speaks, 'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away ;
Then the end ;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

LENT.

LENT.

7.7.7.

23

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

24

C.M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

LENT.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him, Thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name.

25

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed.

Then, if Satan shall assail,
Flesh or spirit vexing sore,
May we in Thy strength prevail,
Who didst vanquish him before.

So shall we have peace divine,
Chasten'd gladness ours shall be ;
Round us too, shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

LENT.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side ;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide. Amen.

26

C.M.

LORD, Who hast made me Thy dear child,
And loved me tenderly,
Oh, hear me when I come to own
My many faults to thee !

How often I have thought that I
A better child would be,
More gentle, loving, kind, and true,
And pleasing unto Thee.

And yet I have not conquered sin, .
Nor striven as I should ;
I have not always looked to Thee
When trying to be good.

Yet turn not from me, dearest Lord,
But all my faults forgive ;
And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live. Amen.

27

7. 6.

HIGH o'er the glittering temple,
Above its radiant walls,
Where in the far, far distance
The silver trumpet calls,

LENT.

There, in the light and glory,
The Saviour stands and waits,
While eager crowds adoring,
Press through the opening gates.

C.M.

child,

But he, the prince of darkness,
Why is he lingering there?
What are those words of evil
That quiver through the air?
"Cast Thyself down," he whispers,
"What danger canst Thou see?
Doth He not give His Angels
Their charge concerning Thee?"

O voice of the deceiver!
The written words are sweet;
But calm and stern the answer
Those lips Divine repeat;
And thus the power of Satan
Beneath His feet He trod;
"Is it not also written,
'Thou shalt not tempt Thy God?'"

O Friend of little children!
Hear Thou the prayer we raise—
Deliver us from evil,
Keep us in all our ways;
And if within Thy temple
The voice of sin is heard,
Oh let us listen only,
Sweet Saviour, for Thy Word! Amen.

7. 6.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh ! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power
Turn, oh ! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;

LENI.

Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen, to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany ! Amen.

29

C.M.

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do. Amen.

LENT.

30

7.7.7.5.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place :
Hear, forgive, and save.

When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat ;
Look from heaven, and save !

When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
When we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill :
Lord, accept, and save !

Should we wander from Thy fold,
Should our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold ;
Lord, forgive, and save !

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly cares or want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess !
Jesus, hear, and save !

Whatsoever our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free ;
Jesus, hear, and save ! Amen.

31

L.M.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

LENT.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand ;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine :
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ;
Thine arm can never shorten'd be ;
Behold me here ; my heart is full ;
Behold, and spare, and succour me ! Amen.

32.

L.M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

LENT.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

33

7s. 6s.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name ;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And deign'd to hear their song.
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son :
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

LENT.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.

But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's,
Hosanna to Jesus, our King. Amen.

7s. 6s.

EASTER.

34

7s.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,	Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day.	Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the Cross	Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss;	Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing	Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King,	Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave,	Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save;	Hallelujah!

But the pain which he endured,	Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured:	Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's king,	Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing	Hallelujah!

Sing we to our God above	Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;	Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,	Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;	Hallelujah!

JESUS lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
 Jesus lives ! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of Life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath
 When we pass its gloomy portal.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
 Naught from us His love shall sever !
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne
 Over all the world is given :
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven,

Alleluia ! Amen.

EASTER.

7.8.

36

7s.

'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your songs of triumph high,
Shout ye heavens, and earth reply. Alleluia !

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won :
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more. Alleluia !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids him rise ;
Christ hath open'd paradise. Alleluia !

Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save :
Where thy victory, O Grave ? Alleluia !

37

7.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay !

EASTER.

Christian ! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears ;
Look on His deserted grave,
Doubt no more His power to save.

38

C.M.

It was early in the morning,
While yet the dawn was grey,
That the angel came from heaven
And roll'd the stone away.

It was early in the morning,
That from his short repose,
Ere the women brought their spices,
The Lord of Life arose.

Then the glorious work was finished,
On Calvary begun ;
Then for us the foe was conquered,
The victory was won.

And death cannot hold a Christian,
He sleeps, but shall awake,
Since our Lord in death's dark prison
Has triumph'd for his sake.

Since He burst the prison dreary
And laid his grave clothes by ;
For because our Lord is risen
His children cannot die.

ASCENSION.

39

76.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Alleluia !

To His Throne above the skies ;
Alleluia !

Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Alleluia !

Enters now the highest heaven.
Alleluia !

There for Him high triumph waits ;
Alleluia !

Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Alleluia !

He hath conquer'd death and sin,
Alleluia !

Take the King of Glory in.
Alleluia !

Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives,
Alleluia !

Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Alleluia !

Though returning to His throne,
Alleluia !

Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia !

See, He lifts His hands above ;
Alleluia !

See, He shows the prints of love ;
Alleluia !

ASCENSION.

Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
Alleluia !
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia !

Still for us He intercedes,
Alleluia !
His prevailing death He pleads,
Alleluia !
Near Himself prepares our place,
Alleluia !
He the first-fruits of our race.
Alleluia !
Lord, though parted from our sight,
Alleluia !
Far above the starry height,
Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Alleluia !
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Alleluia ! Amen.

40

P.M.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph ; see the
King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly
palace gate !
Hark ! the choirs of angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their Hea-
venly King.

ASCENSION.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee ?

Lord of Battles, God of Armies, He has gain'd the victory !

He who on the Cross did suffer, He, who from the grave arose,

He has vanquish'd sin and Satan, He by death has spoil'd His foes.

While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends ;

While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.

He who walk'd with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,

He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His blood within the veil :

Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail ;

Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place :

Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand ;

There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand :

Jesus reigns, adored by Angels ; Man with God is on the Throne ;

Mighty Lord, in thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

Amen.

P.M.

; see the

s heavenly

eluias sing,
their Hea-

ASCENSION.

41

D.S.M.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
With His most precious Blood
From sin He set us free :
We hail Him as our matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him, the Lord of Love ;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him, the Lord of Peace :
Whose power a sceptre sways -
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

ASCENSION.

D.S.M.

Crown Him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime ;
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

42

C.M.

CHRIST has ascended up again
Unto His heavenly place ;
And we must wait a little while,
Before we see His face :
As sometimes on a summer's day,
The gathering winds grow loud ;
And for awhile the great round sun
Is hid behind a cloud.

And where our Lord is gone before
There shall we one day be ;
When Christ shall come and gather all
His own by land and sea.

Then often should our hearts look up
To heaven so high and fair,
And think about that blessed place,
Since we are going there.

Look through thy cloud, ascended Lord,
And lead Thy children on ;
That we may learn to love and seek
The Heaven where Thou art gone.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious willing guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see :
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
 All praise to God, the Three in One,
 The One in three. Amen.

P.M.

44

C.M.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
 In power and wrath He came ;
 Before His feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.

But when He came the second time,
 He came in power and love ;
 Softer than gale at morning prime
 Hover'd His holy dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light, a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.

ch fear,

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
 The voice exceeding loud,
 The trump, that angels quake to hear,
 Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
 Came down His flock to find,
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
 A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
 The sinful world around ;
 Only in stubborn hearts and wills
 No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

45

P.M.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
Love than death itself more strong :
Give us heavenly love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay :
Give us heavenly love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright :
Give us heavenly love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love. Amen.

46

C.M.

HE's come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume ;
Sing, ye redeemed with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

WHITSUNTIDE.

What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

Hail, blessed Spirit! May each soul
Thy sacred presence feel;
Do Thou each sinful thought control
And fix our wavering zeal.

Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know,
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou givest us strength to go.

47

C.M.

THIS day the Lord's disciples met
According to his word,
Still waiting for the promised gift
Of their ascended Lord.

All Israel that happy morn,
From farthest west to east,
With gladness for the ripened corn
Kept their great harvest feast.

They pressed along the city streets,
And up the holy hill,
And past that upper chamber where
The faithful waited still.

WHITSUNTIDE.

But louder than the noise without -
Rushed down the wind Divine ;
And brighter than the morning sun
Shone out the fiery sign.

Wondering, the strangers gathered round
From Parthia, Libya, Rome,
For each ear heard the praise of God
In the dear tongue of home.

That mighty wind is silent now,
Those fires not seen to-day ;
But that great gift our Master gave
Shall never pass away.

O greatest Teacher, surest Guide,
True Comforter, be here !
Make all Thy children feel and know
That Thou indeed art near ! Amen.

TRINITY.

48

P.M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

TRINITY.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !

All thy works shall praise Thy name in earth
and sky and sea ;

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

49

P.M.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! with morning, shine :
Lift on us Thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the water's face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

51

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim

Fill'd His temple, and repeated

Each to each th' alternate hymn:

"Lord, Thy Glory fills the heaven,

"Earth is with its fullness stored;

"Unto Thee be glory given,

"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,

Earth takes up the angel's cry,

"Holy, holy, holy," singing,

"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

With His seraph train before Him,

With His holy Church below,

Thus conspire we to adore Him,

Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,

"Earth is with its fullness stored;

"Unto Thee be glory given,

"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

52

THE CHURCH.

7.8.

THE Church's one foundation

Is Jesus Christ her Lord;

She is His new creation

By water and the Word:

From heaven He came and sought her.

To be His holy Bride;

With His own Blood He bought her,

And for her life He died.

THE CHURCH.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth :
One Holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth has union
With God the Three in One ;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy saints and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee! Amen.

53

S.M.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

THE CHURCH.

I love Thy church, O God !

Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, Lord, with Thee,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

54

8.7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;

He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded.

What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

THE CHURCH.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering ;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their Leader,
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name :
Fading is the worlding's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

THE CHURCH.

55

8.7.

PRAISE the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His name from zone to zone ;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the corner-stone ;
Vain against our rock-built Sion
Winds and waters, fire and hail ;
Christ is in her midst ; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Based on Prophets and Apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O Lord Incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love ;
Emblem of the heavenly Sion,
The Jerusalem above.

Stands four-square that heavenly city ;
Paved with gold like crystal bright ;
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Emerald and chrysolyte.
Broad and lofty tower its ramparts ;
At its gate twelve angels stand ;
On its walls twelve names are graven,
Of the apostles' chosen band.

THE CHURCH.

Where Thou reignest King of glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night :
Soon may we those portals enter
When this earthly strife is o'er ;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

Join we now the voice of triumph
To the Throne of glory sent,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Lord Omnipotent ;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Father,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

THE LORD'S DAY.

56

S.M.

This is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

THE LORD'S DAY.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death ! Amen.

57

C.M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God His father's name,
To save our sinful race.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

58

C.M.

BLEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

This day I must with God appear ;
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. Amen.

THE MORNING.

58

L.M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

60

THE MORNING.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
O, may I never more do ill. Amen.

60

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

THE MORNING.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves : a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above :
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

61

P.M.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night !
Day-spring from on high, be near !
Day-star, in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Cheer my eyes, and warm my heart.

THE MORNING.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, O Thou Light Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

62

78.

JESUS Holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.

Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine;
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

Thou by whom the birds are fed
Givé to me my daily bread,
And thy Holy spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long in every way
Teach me what to do and say.

THE MORNING.

63

12.11.

THE morning, the bright and the beautiful morning
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing,
With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorn-
ing,
A gladness which nothing but morning can bring.

The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,
The river and forest, the mountain and plain ;
The city is stirring its living commotion,
The pulse of the world is reviving again.

And we too awake, for our Heavenly Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His Breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.

Oh, now let us haste to our Heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all to-
gether,
The morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.

Amen.

EVENING.

64

L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

EVENING.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed !
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day !

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply !
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest !

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost ! Amen.

65

10.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

EVENING

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away :
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
And, though rebellious, and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me !

Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

66

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

EVENING.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live !
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine ;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin !

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store !
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light !

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend ;
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

EVENING.

Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh :
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in Those Arms to die.
All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

68

8.7.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou has taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.

Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

EVENING.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd ;
And care is light for thou hast cared ;
Ah, never let our works be soil'd ;
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, etc.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day, etc. Amen.

69

65.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

EVENING.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

70

P.M.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high ! Amen

FESTIVALS.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

71

D. 7s.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter-storm begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own Temple, come ;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !

What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final Harvest-Hour :
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home ;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day ;
And Thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

FESTIVALS.

Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home !
Let Thy saints be gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore :
Come, with thousand angels come ;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home ! Amen.

73

72

88.

LORD of the harvest ! once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings :
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

FESTIVALS.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed ;
Supply our fainting spirits' need !
O Bread of Life ! from day to day,
Be thou their comfort, food, and stay !

73

P.M.

PRAISE, O praise, our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him for our harvest-store ;
He hath fill'd the garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure :

FESTIVALS.

Glory to our bounteous King !
Glory let creation sing !
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in one !

74

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

L. M.

BE present at our table, Lord ;
Be here and everywhere adored ;
Bless these Thy gifts, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and every good ;
May manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven.

Amen.

ALMSGIVING.

75

P. M.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

76

ALMSGIVING.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure, without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;
Then gladly we will give to Thee,
Who givest all.

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. Amen.

76

We give Thee but Thine own,
What'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

O ! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

ALMSGIVING.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
What'eer for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

77

C.M.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed :
And visited, and cheer'd.

79

Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see ;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thee.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

78

P.M.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast still'd
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping ;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sign of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving ;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

79

L.M.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Asleep in Jesus ! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting !

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power .

Asleep in Jesus ! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be !
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

80

L.M.

81

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh
In language that no tongue can speak.

A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our hearts,
And teach us now to walk with thee.

GENERAL.

81

7.6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load :
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

GENERAL.

82

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fullness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem :
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child :
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne :
There, with Thy blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity ;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face ;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give ;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild ;
Thou wast once a little child.

Let me above all, fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will ;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

I shall then shew forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy child, in me.

84

8.7.

LITTLE children, come to Jesus ;
 Hear Him saying, come to me :
 Blessed Jesus, Who to save us,
 Shed His blood on Calvary.
 Little souls were made to serve Him ;
 All His holy law fulfil :
 Little hearts were made to love Him ;
 Little hands to do His will.

Little eyes to read the Bible,
 Given from the heavens above ;
 Little ears to hear the story
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love ;
 Little tongues to sing His praises ;
 Little feet to walk His ways ;
 Little bodies to be temples
 Where the Holy Spirit stays.

85

P.M.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There, by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,
 There, by His love o'ershad'ed, sweetly my soul shall rest.



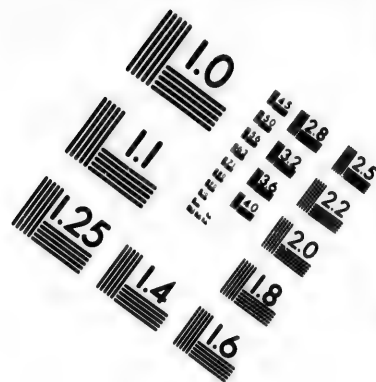
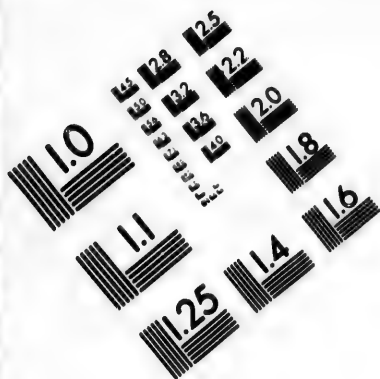
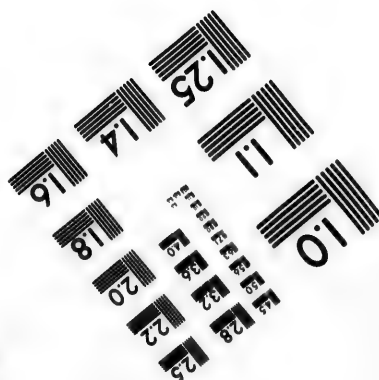
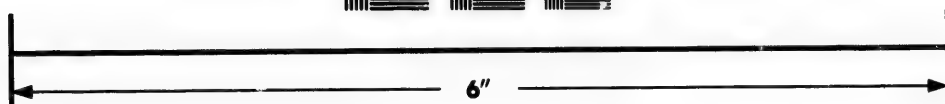
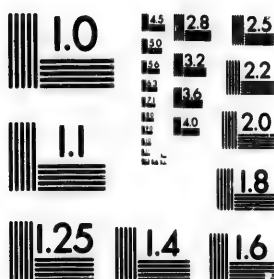


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GENERAL.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !

Jesus my heart's dear refuge
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

86

D.C.M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

GENERAL.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" I am this dark world's Light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

87

P.M.

JUST as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

GENERAL.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

88

6.5.

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee
Children's praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

GENERAL.

Save us, Lord, from sinning ;
Watch us, day by day ;
Help us now to love thee ;
Take our sins away :

Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

89

P.M.

Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white,
Over there, over there, oh, think of the home over
there.

Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there, oh, think of the friends over
there.

My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest ;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest,
Over there, over there, my Saviour is now over
there.

GENERAL.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me,
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over
there.

90

P.M.

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home ;
But I know that His presence will lighten the
gloom,
And that will be glory for me.
And that will be glory for me, oh, that will be
glory for me ;
But I know that His presence will lighten the
gloom,
And that will be glory for me.
I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring ;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our
King,
And that will be music for me.
And that will be music for me, etc.
I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear ;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me
there,
And that will be heaven for me.
And that will be heaven for me, etc.

JESUS meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesus meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past.
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing !

Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
 Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall,
 Lo ! on Thee I cast my care !
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
 While I of Thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within !

GENERAL.

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise, to all eternity !

93

7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Leader
To Jesus as your Head.

O happy if in coming
To set his people free,
Christ finds you ever waiting
His glorious face to see.

The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn.

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That grace alone can cure,

What are they but the chast'ning
Of His own gentle hand,
That smites where most He loveth
Each pilgrim to His land.

GENERAL.

O happy band of pilgrims,
Trust Him who is the way
Soon shall this night of weeping
Give place to endless day.

94

P.M.

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

95

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B. Geoffrey Harries

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96

GENERAL.

95

P.M.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
Here in His word He's shown us the way ;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come !"
Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free ;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

B. Geoffrey Harries

"Suffer the children !" Oh, hear His voice !
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice ;
And let us freely make Him our choice :
Do not delay, but come.

Think once again, He's with us to-day :
Heed now His blest command, and obey ;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come ?"

96

S.M.

FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

GENERAL.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

97

P.M.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray :
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !

GENERAL.

As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless, be
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide !
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul !

98

P.M.

AROUND the Throne of God in Heaven
Shall countless children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
In flowing robes of spotless white
Each one shall be arrayed ;
Shall dwell in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade ;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

GENERAL.

How shall they reach that world above,
That Heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love ?
How come those children there.
Singing, Glory, glory, glory ?

Because the Saviour shed His Blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace
On earth they loved His Name ;
At last they see His blessed Face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory,

99

78.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

GENERAL.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling :
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracks unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

100

P.M.

1. WHITHER pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand ?
We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command ;
Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.
2. Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that bright and better land ?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From the Saviour's loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river ;
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

GENERAL.

3. Fear ye not the way so lonely,
Ye, a feeble little band ?
No ; for friends, unseen, are near us ;
Angels bright around us stand :
Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Going to the better land.
4. Pilgrims may we travel with you,
To that bright and better land ?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, oh come, and do not leave us ;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land.

101

P. M.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.

I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :

GENERAL.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;

And they, who with their leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

102

P.M.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of earth for me !
But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me :
His love and light fill all my soul to-night.

GENERAL.

One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of earth for me.

One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!

'Tis joy, not duty, to speak His beauty;

My soul mounts on the wing,
At the mere thought how Christ my life has bought.

One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story, to show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine in this poor heart of mine!

One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer, and rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all! before His face I fall!

Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure, my wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.

103

P.M.

Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care.
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

Go
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104

GENERAL.

Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden—go weary one, pray.

Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—go comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows, let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

104

P.M.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.

GENERAL.

Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more :
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

105

P.M.

RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently ;
He will forgive if they only believe.

Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide ;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

106

P.M.

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross :
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead ;
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord, indeed.

GENERAL.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day :
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ?
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

107

P.M.

TELL me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

GENERAL.

Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary.
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story :
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.

We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave:
And in our hour of danger
We'll trust His love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus,
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless Him,
He will forever bless.

GENERAL.

109

P.M.

He leadeth me ! O blessed thought !
O words with heavenly comfort fraught !
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me ! He leadeth me ! by His own hand
He leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be, for by His hand
He leadeth me :

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine ;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me.

110

P.M.

JESUS loves me ! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so :
Little ones to Him belong :
They are weak, but He is strong.

Chorus.—Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me.
Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

GENERAL.

Jesus loves me ! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin ;
Let His little child come in.

Jesus loves me ! He will stay
Close beside me all the way :
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

111

P.M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day ;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free ;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

GENERAL.

On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

112

P.M.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus our Saviour, in mercy says, " Come, "
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home
Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
Joyfully joyfully, onward, etc.

Teachers and kindred have pass'd on before ;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome ;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

GENERAL.

Death with its arrow, may soon lay us low ;
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow :
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
Joyfully, joyfully, onward, etc.

113

P.M.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain,
 His blood-red banner streams afar ;
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, those chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Those valiant saints, their hopes they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks, the death to feel ;
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.

GENERAL.

C.M.
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

115

P.M

HARK ! the sound of holy voices
Chanting, at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee :
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

ew,
el ;
They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus :
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

GENERAL.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose Body join'd together
All the saints for ever dwell ;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
Thee with thine Eternal Father
And the Holy Ghost adore.

116

P.M

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Hallelujah ! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness :
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band ?

GENERAL.

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven,
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

117

8.7

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die ;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by ;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved His Name below.

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.

GENERAL.

All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone ;
 Lord, grant Thy little children
 May know Thee as their own.

119

C.M.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty !

How great His power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large His grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before His face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search His secret will ;
 But they perform His heavenly word,
 And sing His praises still .

Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first offerings bring :
 Th' eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
 And angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath His banner true;
 The Lord Himself thy leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His loss foretells thy trials;
 He knows thine hourly need;
 He can, with bread of Heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the secret foe;
 For more are o'er thee watching,
 Than human eyes can know!
 Trust only Christ thy Captain;
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treach'rous voices,
 That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquish'd,
 And Heav'n is all possess'd;
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armour by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the gath'ring night;
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light:

GENERAL.

When morn His face revealeth,
 Thy dangers are all past ;
 Oh ! pray thy Lord and Saviour
 May keep thee to the last.

121

S.M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 A rest to gain on high.

From youth to hoary age
 My calling to fulfil ;
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !

Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live ;
 And now Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
 And still on Thee rely ;
 Oh, let me not my trust betray
 But press to realms on high !

GENERAL.

122

P.M.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win ;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort,
strengthen, and keep you.

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you
through.

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain ;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer, though often cast
down ;

He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

123

P.M.

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod ;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the Throne of God.

GENERAL.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.—CHORUS.

On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.—CHORUS.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burdén down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—CHORUS.

124

7.8.

THINE for ever :—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and eternity.

Thine for ever :—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever :—O how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever :—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

GENERAL.

Thine for ever :—Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

125

P.M.

THERE is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Look ! look ! look and live !
There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives ;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

GENERAL.

126

P.M.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!
Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!
Feed me now and evermore!

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield!

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!

127

P.M.

OH, eyes that are weary,
And hearts that are sore,
Look up unto Jesus,
And sorrow no more.
The light of His countenance
Shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven,
There need be no night.

GENERAL.

Looking up unto Jesus,
My eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers
That throng around me.
They cannot be blinded
With sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadow'd
By doubts or by fears.

Looking up unto Jesus,
My spirit is blest,—
In the world I have turmoil,
In Him I have rest.
The sea of my life
All about me may roar,—
When I look unto Jesus
I hear it no more.

Looking up unto Jesus,
I go not astray ;
My eyes are on Him,
And He shows me the way.
The path may seem dark
As He leads me along,
But following Jesus
I cannot go wrong.

Looking up unto Jesus,
My heart cannot fear ;
Its trembling is still
When I see Jesus near ;

GENERAL.

I know that His power
My safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?"
He saith unto me.

128

P.M.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod;

GENERAL.

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

Onward then, we people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud and honour
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, &c. Amen.

120

C.M.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear !

GENERAL.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul ;
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

130

L.M.

Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises ;—what are men ?

GENERAL.

Go, labour on while it is a day,
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at Thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home,
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, behold I come.

131

P.M.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen :
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour ;
Long may she reign :
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen. Amen.

GENERAL.

132

P.M.

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
In Him we stand;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save our land.

133

P.M.

"WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout the sound;
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home;
"Whosoever will may come."

Whosoever cometh need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may,
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,

"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will, whosoever will," &c.

GENERAL.

"Whosoever will," the promise is secure ;

"Whosoever will," forever must endure :

"Whosoever will," 'tis life forever more,

"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will, whosoever will," &c.

134

P.M.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,

All our sins and griefs to bear !

What a privilege to carry

Everything to God in prayer !

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,

Oh, what needless pain we bear—

All because we do not carry

Everything to God in prayer !

Have we trials and temptations ?

Is there trouble anywhere ?

We should never be discouraged ;

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share ?

Jesus knows our every weakness—

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,

Cumbered with a load of care ?

Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?

Take it to the Lord in prayer :

In his arms He'll take and shield thee,

Thou wilt find a solace there.

GENERAL.

135

P.M.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well :
Free and changeless is His favour ;
All, all is well !
Precious is the Blood that heal'd us
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the Hand stretch'd forth to shield us ;
All must be well !

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well !
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well !

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well !
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well !

SAVIOUR, Blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.
 All we have we offer ;
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee.
 Thou for our redemption,
 Cam'st on earth to die ;
 Thou that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

Great, and ever greater,
 Are Thy mercies here ;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there ;
 Where no pain or sorrow,
 Toil or care is known ;
 Where the Angel legions
 Circle round Thy throne.

Dark, and ever darker,
 Was the wintry past ;
 Now a ray of gladness
 O'er our path is cast ;

GENERAL.

Every day that passeth,
 Every hour that flies,
 Tells of love unfeignèd,
 Love that never dies.

Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God ;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

Higher then, and higher,
 Bear the ransom'd soul,
 Earthly toils forgotten,
 Saviour, to its goal ;
 Where, in joys unthought of,
 Saints with Angels sing,
 Never weary, raising
 Praises to their King.

137

P.M.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry :
 While on others Thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

Chor. Saviour ! Saviour !

Hear my humble cry :
 While on others Thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

GENERAL.

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief:
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit.
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me:
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

138

7s.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

GENERAL.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies :
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord ! be mine this prize to win !
Guide me through a world of sin :
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place :
Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;
Guide and guard my erring heart !
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

139

L.M.

100TH PSALM, N. V.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise ;

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

GENERAL.

O enter then His temple gate :
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

140

C.M.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !

Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

GENERAL.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home !

141

S.M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursèd tree,
And trusts her guilt was there.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy-seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there !

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have we no words ? ah ! think again :
 Words flow apace when we complain,
 And fill our fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

GENERAL.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize will be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

144

C.M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

GENERAL.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

145

P.M

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Chorus—I need Thee, oh I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

Cho.—I need Thee, etc.

GENERAL.

I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

Cho.—I need Thee, etc.

I need Thee every hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

Cho.—I need Thee, etc.

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh make me Thine indeed
Thou blessed Son.

Cho.—I need Thee, etc.

146

LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Children, come, extol his might ;
Join with saints and angels bright.
For, &c.

All our wants he doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry.
For, &c.

GENERAL.

He of old our fathers blest,
Led them to the land of rest.
For, &c.

His own Son he sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high.
For, &c.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind.
For, &c.

147

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead ;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me ?

My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone :
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bit'rest agony,
To rescue thee from hell ;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me ?

GENERAL.

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

148

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

149

149

C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger trembling on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbecclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

150

L.M.

JESUS! Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Mid flaming worlds, in these array'd
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of earth I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies;

C.M.

GENERAL.

Ev'n then shall this be all my plea :
" Jesus hath lived and died for me."

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious bliss—
Jesus ! Thy blood and righteousness !

151

C.M

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand :
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

L.M.

O Christ, do thou my soul prepare
 For that bright home of love ;
 That I may see Thee and adore,
 With all Thy saints above.

152

C.M.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Lord, be for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 In air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessings,
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
 Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.
 Even me, let some droppings fall on me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather,
 Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to Thee:
 Fain I'm longing for Thy favour:
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me—Even
 me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see:
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit.
 Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me—Even me.

Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee:
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

154

87.87.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
 Youthful days will soon be gone ;
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

O may He who, meek and lowly,
 Trod Himself this vale of woe,
 Make us His, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
 "Little children follow Me ;"
 Jesus keep our feet from falling ;
 Teach us all to follow Thee.

Soon we part : it may be never,
 Never here to meet again ;
 Oh to meet in heaven forever,
 Oh the crown of life to gain !

155

P.M.

Here we suffer grief and pain ;
 Here we meet to part again ;
 In heav'n we part no more.

Oh that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful
 Oh that will be joyful !

When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
 When they die to heaven will go,
 And sing with saints above.
 Oh that will be joyful !

GENERAL.

87.87.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.
Oh that will be joyful!

Oh! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.
Oh that will be joyful!

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh that will be joyful!

DOXOLOGY.

P.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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